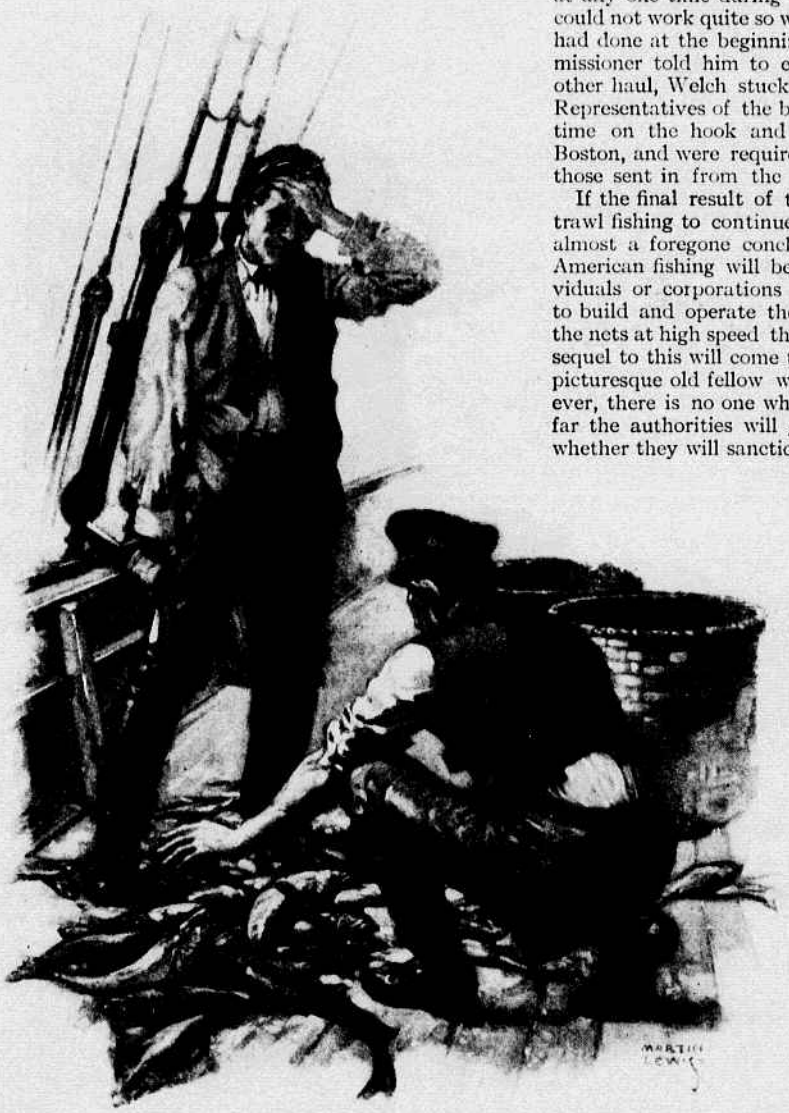
to be decided is whether or not this mode of fishing is so exhaustive as seriously to lessen the supply of any one species of fish.

In order to throw as much light as possible upon this point the Commissioner stationed agents of the bureau —among them W. W. Welch, the man who discovered the giant scallop bed in the Atlantic—on the trawl vessels going out of Boston. Mr. Welch and his associates had the busy time of their lives. Since the hauls were made at intervals of an hour and a half throughout the day and night, and since the agents of the bureau had to count every fish and identify every species to which each one belonged, and then make out a report about it, they found no opportunities for abandoning themselves to long and uninterrupted spells of slumber.



"Had to count every fish and identify every species."

As a matter of fact, after Mr. Welch had been counting and annotating the hauls for a week, he stated in brave but undaunted language to Commissioner Smith that, as he had not slept for more than twenty minutes at any one time during the seven days and nights, he could not work quite so well at the end of the week as he had done at the beginning. However, when the Commissioner told him to ease up and count only every other haul, Welch stuck to his post for another week. Representatives of the bureau were placed at the same time on the hook and line boats operating out of Boston, and were required to submit reports similar to those sent in from the trawlers.

If the final result of the investigations is to permit trawl fishing to continue, it is regarded by experts as almost a foregone conclusion that the great bulk of American fishing will be done in the future by individuals or corporations able to put up enough money to build and operate the steamboats required to drag the nets at high speed through the water. And as the sequel to this will come the practical elimination of the picturesque old fellow with his hook and line. However, there is no one who at this time can predict how far the authorities will go in sanctioning trawling, or whether they will sanction it at all.

In locating the scallop bed twenty-five or thirty-five miles off the Atlantic Coast—although part of it is only fifteen miles off the Nantucket shoals—the bureau is necessarily advertising the advisability of the use of motorboats in fishing. Scallops are caught with dredges, and motorboats are ideal for doing the dredging. Moreover, with the necessity of reaching the fishing grounds and returning from them in as short a time as possible, the public must realize the advantage of the motorboat over the rowboat or small sailing craft.

THE constantly growing search for products of the sea is pushing the zone of activity farther and farther offshore. When the Commissioner sent the Albatross to report on the fish supplies off the coasts of Washington and Oregon it became evident almost immediately that some of the most profitable fishing possible could be done twenty miles or even forty miles out. And the same thing is being demonstrated off the Carolinas. Hence, there is bound to take place some change in the methods of catching fish in American waters, and all this means a change lessening the employment of the old-fashioned rowboat and small sailing vessel. While the fisheries of the United States are more valuable than those of any other country, with the possible exception of Japan, this country is far behind Europeans in all manner of fishing apparatus.

Speaking of the money that comes out of American waters, the total first yield of all the fisheries is seventy-six million dollars each year. The United States paid Russia for Alaska seven million two hundred thousand dollars, and since that time Alaska has yielded in her fisheries one hundred and fifteen million dollars in salmon alone, and something less than two hundred million in all. This wonderful income has been due largely to the enterprise of the bureau. In addition to the seventy-six million dollars in the continental and Alaska territory, it is estimated that the fisheries of the Philippines yield annually fifteen million dollars, and that Hawaii and Porto Rico produce ten million dollars' worth, so that the United States and all her possessions have in their fisheries wealth amounting to more than one hundred million dollars a year.

HERE is one illustration to show the bureau's painstaking efforts to keep the fish supply as plentiful in all localities as it ever was:

The scouts, agents, and scientists discovered that New England salmon were dying out because, owing to the damming up and factory contamination of every single stream in New England except the Penobscot, they could not get to the head waters of the streams, the only place where they would spawn and produce their young.

But the difficulty could be met. The silverside and humpback salmon of the Pacific waters are as good for food purposes as New England salmon. Moreover, the Pacific salmon go only a short distance from salt water when spawning time comes, and as soon as the young fish have arrived their mothers and fathers quickly and conveniently die. This is explained by the scientists, who assert that it is a wonderful provision of nature that these old salmon automatically perish so that the young and growing fish may have all available food. In other words, it is a convenient arrangement for maintaining the average salmon population at a figure suited to its food supplies.

Consequently, the bureau is now engaged in transplanting the humpback and silverside salmon of the Pacific to New England waters, thus keeping up the supply. A peculiarity of the situation is that, when New England salmon go to the head waters and produce their young, they do not die, but make their way down stream again, and persist in living until somebody catches them.

WORTH WHILE FOLK: The Captain Who Came Back

BY HENRY ROOD

THIS is the true story of extraordinary adventures that befell a well known Captain of the United States army, and of their outcome.

West Pointer, able Lieutenant on graduation, popular, he made a mark for himself, and in the Philippine insurrection won his rank as Captain. He married a charming girl, and a few years later their household was increased by the advent of two children. Then he began to go to pieces. He plunged so hard and so deep into the abyss that nothing could be done for him by wife, children, or fellow officers. At last Mrs. Brown (that is not their name) and her little ones returned to the United States, crushed and despairing. Then, a few months later, came word from the Philippines of continued dissipation, misuse of company funds, and finally of Captain Brown's dishonorable discharge from the service.

He was sent back to this country, in some way managed to beat his way across the continent, and found himself in New Jersey, a penniless wreck of a man, without a friend on earth to whom he could turn. One night, desperate, half starved, half sick, he committed robbery, and was arrested, tried, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. By that time Brown had got so low that his cellmate, Porter Charlton the wife murderer, appealed to the warden to transfer one of them to another cell.

"That fellow is so utterly mean," said Charlton, "that I can't stand living with him behind the bars for another day."

Weeks and months went by, until the time came when Brown was set free. In some way he obtained a ferry ticket from Hoboken to New York, and reached 14th street at about eight o'clock of a sweltering night in midsummer. He did not hang round the ferryhouse; for he knew just what he intended to do. Hat pulled down over his eyes, hands deep in side pockets, he shuffled along 14th street, bound for the East River. As he walked on, block after block, the sidewalks became more crowded with those out for a breath of fresh air. All around him Brown heard gay voices and laughter. From music halls and motion picture houses came the sounds of orchestras and singing. A multitude of electric lights illuminated the thoroughfare as far as the eye could reach. Everyone—men, women, children —seemed happy, care free, joyous, excepting this one battered bit of human wreckage.

He crossed Seventh avenue and went on toward Sixth, wondering how cold the water of the East River would be, and whether he could make the plunge before a policeman would stop him. That was the only thing to do,—take a long breath, rush to the edge of the pier, spring outward as far as he could—and after a few struggles in the dark, heaving waves all would be over.

Someone touched his arm. He shook off the intruder. Again he felt a hand on his arm, and was conscious that someone was walking alongside of him there on the crowded sidewalk. The next moment he heard this stranger say:

"Where are you bound, my friend?"

"None of your business!" Brown murmured, again trying to shake off that hand.

"Oh, yes, it is," the other responded cheerfully. "It's just exactly my business. That's what I'm for. Where are you going?" he demanded again, and this time in a tone that demanded reply.

"East River," Brown muttered, still plodding on. "Jump in and make a hole."

"It's a long tramp across 14th street to the river," the stranger said reflectively, still keeping alongside. "You look tired already. Why don't you come in here with me and rest awhile. We've got comfortable chairs, and you'll hear some good music too."

"Haven't any money."

"We don't want your money. Land o' love, Man! we want *you!*"

At this the former Captain stopped, looked at his companion, and saw that he was wearing the uniform of a Salvation Army officer. As a matter of fact he was on scout duty there on 14th street, looking for just such despairing human wrecks as Brown. At first glance he had seen that this man was half sick, trembling from weakness, also that he bore the telltale prison pallor.

"Come right in," he said cordially. "This is the place, right here."

Too much confused, too tired, too hungry, to resist, Brown allowed himself to be led into a large hall where several hundred other men and many women were holding some sort of meeting. He was given a chair, and sank into it. There he sat, with eyes half closed, and head throbbing, while he dimly heard one man after another get up and tell how they had been through experiences such as had brought Brown down to disgrace: and how they had been rescued, placed on their feet restored to their families, and now were earning an honest living. The next thing Brown knew he was in a

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